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THE ENGINEERS' ROUNDUP

THE TECHNICIANS TRY THEIR THEATRICAL TALENTS

Every year the Engineers' Council assumes the rôle of theatrical producer and turns the spotlight on the Ohio State Engineer (the student, not the publication). The Roundup, although one might assume it had something or other to do with the "Ag" College, is essentially a dramatic competition among the student professional societies. Besides encouraging art, the graybeards of the Council foster the gastronomic sciences in the shape of hot-dog and pop concessions. Assignments are forgotten for one night (the Department of Mechanics deserves a big hand for giving the boys a break by postponing the midterm for the following day). From frosh to jaded senior, all engineers don their holiday regalia and prepare for a night's orgy when the time for the Roundup pulls around.

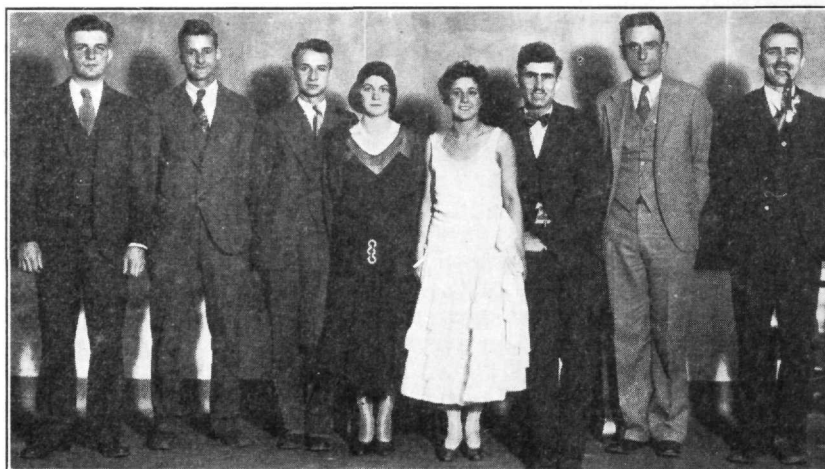
The evening of December 5th saw vast numbers of students milling around the Engineering Experiment Station. Undaunted by the smell of Professor Scherer's creosote, they found their way to the Testing Laboratory on the second floor, temporarily made into a theater.

The Chemicals and the Miners, slated for the first and second acts, were late. To calm the audience, the folks behind the scenes, evidently having a sense of humor, ground out a few antique records on a wheezing phonograph.

"The Crystal Studio," a remarkable display of talent crammed into a few minutes, was featured by the boys responsible for the automatic applause indicator. We have always been suspicious of that indicator, although the electricals have never given us grounds for such imaginings.

Their play was laid in a broadcasting studio where two black-face comedians, garbed as janitors, exchanged brilliant repartee. Two new inventions were introduced, a bug annihilator and a perpetual motion device. The latter exploded, ending the act and bringing down the curtain.

"Soup to Nuts," the work of the Civils, was the next offering. The audience was entertained with some after-dinner speeches of the actors on the



HERE ARE THE CIVILS WHO WON THE CUP
Left to right: Messrs. Hegler, Hindman, Painchaud; the Misses Leonard; Messrs. Sherman, Hitchcock, and Burroughs.

broad subject of arts. The following conclusions were reached:

There are four kinds of art:

1. Fine arts; of which nothing may be said.
2. Coarse arts; ceramics is the best example.
3. Lost arts, calculus, and Christian Science.
4. Slinging the bull; Dean Turnbull; Dean Turnbull

undoubtedly takes the prize; many cows have been prematurely widowed by him; Prof. Younger runs him a close second.

But, ah!—the surprise of the show, as well as of the entire Roundup, was the climax of this skit. Miss Billy Leonard, personality girl of Columbus, the darling of Scarlet Mask, offered the following song, the work of "Hank" Sherman, poet laureate of the Civils. It is sung to the tune of "Makin' Whoopee."

I

Here's just the time, and just the place
I see a smile down there on every face
Here's just the season and every reason

For makin' whoopee.

Now engineers for all these years
Have worked out weirs and bridge piers
Gave no attention or make much mention
'Bout makin' whoopee

They've been so dilatory about society
Worked in a laboratory until they look like—gee!
They look like Turnbull, they look like Knight
They look like Hitchcock, they are a sight;
Take after Younger, boys, keep gettin' younger, boys
By makin' whoopee.

II

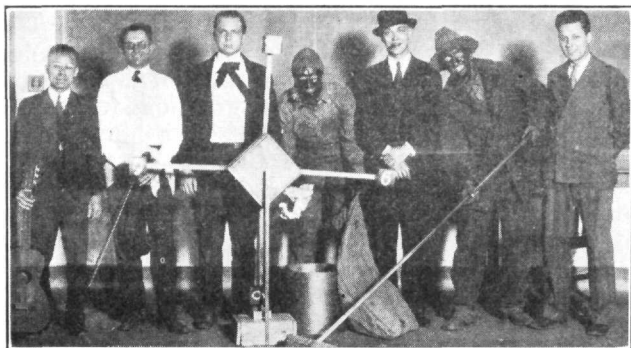
B'lieve it or not, a guy like Ott
Who in mechanics is plenty hot
Throws forward passes with chalk in classes
Thus makin' whoopee;

But then there's Boyd whose spoken woid
Is easily hoid from High to Thoid
Could learn some mercy by watchin' Percy

A makin' whoopee.

All of the faculty could be given an analysis
But what's the use, cause think how many good profs
I'd miss

I might miss Morris, I might miss Judd
If I'd miss Sherman, Hank's name'd be mud
I guess it's better to write a letter
'Bout makin' whoopee.



"THE CRYSTAL STUDIO" ELECTRICALS

III

In Lib'ral Arts you know, the Commerce College too
 They cry aloud because they have a lab or two.
 The joy they'll never know is takin' Sloane's Topo
 Out makin' whoopee.
 Why in December, folks, even November, folks,
 The hands get so darned numb the boys can't light
 their smokes
 Gee! It's a great course, guys, but takes a plow horse,
 guys,

To stand the whoopee.
 Still, boys, it has its merits, namely a windy day
 Focusing co-ed's ankles and any more parts, why say
 Each little gust you know creates a bit of fun
 It's then the profs come out to help you run the gun
 So, there you be, men, in Civil E, men,
 They're makin' whoopee.

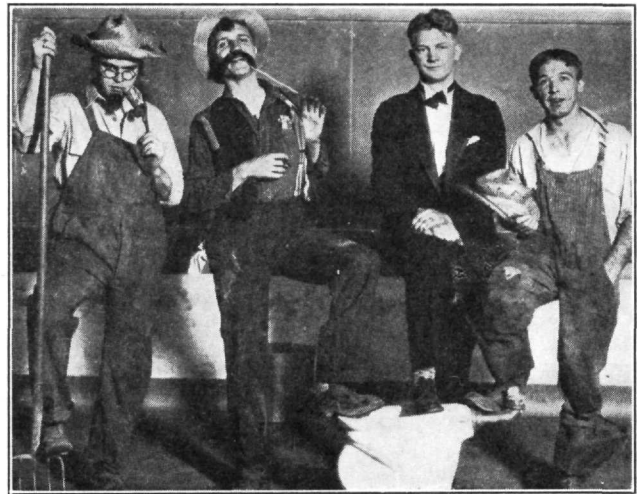
IV

In Adam's time they didn't have machines
 In fact they didn't know about the radio
 They put their knocks in at raisin' oxen
 And makin' whoopee.
 Then Moses came along and wrote a code on wrong
 He said that bims and wines were bad when taken
 strong
 This proclamation thus saved the nation
 From makin' whoopee.
 So, boys, here comes the moral for writin' this li'l
 verse
 Hope when I tell it to you, you will not act converse
 You want to stay in nights and keep away from fights
 And on these co-ed dates keep under big bright lights
 'Cause after schoolin', there's time for foolin'
 And makin' whoopee.

The dominant sex is painfully absent in our college and the appearance of a *femme* at any engineering function causes the boys to stand up on their seats. Billy went over with a bang, and the mob clamored for more when she sang "If Nobody Ever Put Their Arms About You." The applause indicator went wild and the Civils laughed in great glee as the act ended.

As a brief respite from the brilliant dramatic efforts of the noble engineers, the Roundup continued with a presentation of prizes. The Robinson Prize for highest scholarship among the freshman engineers of last year, a slide rule, went to Harold G. Bailey.

The annual prize of paid-up membership in the A. S. C. E. for one year, for the two highest point averages attained during their freshman year went to Chalmer D. Moehring and Willis G. Knasel, who are now sophomores in civil engineering.



THE DRAMATIC CERAMICS

Following this, the mob besieged the food emporium established in the Concrete Laboratory. Hot dogs and pop in large quantities assuaged the keen appetites.

The Roundup resumed with the Industrials' "Inspiring Episodes," a conglomeration of everything in general, but revolving about the central theme of collegiate life in Siam. A jazz band opened the act and was followed by Siamese dances, called, we believe, in this country, wrestling matches. The lady appeared to win, but what is the difference, anyway?

The *Ohio State Engineer* has always endeavored to give its readers their full money's worth. However, if we go into detail concerning the next act, "Strained Interludes," the product of our Ceramic brethren, we fear for our moral standing in the community. We can say this much, it concerned the central theme of Chick Sale's masterpiece, "The Specialist." More detailed information may be gained by calling at our office, 7 Ohio Union.

By this time it had been decided that the Civils had put on the best show. The committee made the presentation of the cup 'midst the huzzas and plaudits of the multitude.

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THE INDUSTRIALS OF "INSPIRING EPISODES"

ENGINEER'S ROUNDUP

(Continued from page 11)

To cap the show, the Faculty put on their little skit. It had no name but concerned the extraction of a tooth. The scene was laid in a negro dentist's office, with Professors W. B. Field and Allen McManigal, and C. J. Viereck of the engineering drawing department as the principals.

At the conclusion of the act, Dean Hitchcock, feeling that they merited a prize, awarded the cast a five-gallon oil can.

The show broke up, and again the stairs of the station creaked as the mob sought exit. It was a great Roundup, and everyone had a good time.
